



STORIES of STRANGE ADVENTURE

Nº83-OCT.

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CODE



AUTHORITY

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

THINK YOU'VE READ
AMAZING STORIES?
HERE'S THE MOST
AMAZING OF ALL---
"The **DEMON** of
the **WIND!**"

EDEN
WHITNEY

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UNIVERSE.COM**

LOOK! *Thousands*
Who Never Thought They Could-
NOW MAKING \$50 to \$500
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"FEATURE" \$1.00 CHRISTMAS ASS'T.
 We'll send you the spectacular new
 "Feature" Christmas Assortment.
 These 21 deluxe cards would cost
 \$2.50 if bought singly.

... Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors
 with World-Famous Wallace Brown
CHRISTMAS CARDS
 WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL
 PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!*

There's no trick to making extra money. Thousands of Boys, Girls, Men, Women who never earned any extra money before are now enjoying \$50 to \$500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! It's simple—everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy their cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. Could anything be simpler? We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. See without risking a penny how much fun making extra money can be. Just mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

76 BIGMONEYMAKERS—Send Coupon Below

Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy extra money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get sample of 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't. on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers... more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to start making money at once—we show you how. Just mail the coupon TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY

Paste Coupon on postcard
 or mail in envelope

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
 11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
 New York 10, New York

Send 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name _____

FREE

Samples of Popular-Priced
 Name-Imprinted **PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's so easy, too, because we ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling cards.

ORGANIZATIONS:

Churches, clubs, etc. can add hundreds of dollars to treasures with these fast sellers. Give organization name on coupon.

Wallace Brown, Inc. 11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
 New York 10, New York

DR. JULES DORN STOOD HELPLESSLY BY AS THE WOMAN HE LOVED LAY DYING. WHO WOULD HELP HIM NOW. IN THIS MOMENT OF DISASTER? ---AND THEN SUDDENLY, INCREDIBLY HE SAW THEM THERE---WAITING TO GUIDE HIM---

The GLOVES of DR. MAREK!

STORY:-
KURATO
OSAKI

ART:-
MARK
MIDNIGHT



EACH DAY, STUDENTS AND SURGEONS CROWD INTO THE OPERATING THEATRE OF THE NORTHSIDE HOSPITAL TO WATCH THE MASTERFUL DR. JULES DORN AT WORK---



AMAZING TECHNIQUE! WHY, THE MAN HAS ABSOLUTELY NO NERVES AT ALL. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH DARING!

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE HANDLE A SCALPEL SO DEFTLY SINCE DR. MAREK WAS ALIVE!



AND AFTER EACH OPERATION, THE ONLOOKERS ASK THEMSELVES THE SAME PUZZLING QUESTION---

I DON'T GET IT! THREE YEARS AGO, I WOULDN'T HAVE LET DORN REMOVE A SPLINTER FROM MY LITTLE FINGER. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS ABOUT TO BE DISMISSED FROM THE STAFF FOR INCOMPETENCE!

AND NOW HE'S RATED AS ONE OF THE FINEST SURGEONS IN AMERICA!



AND AFTER EACH OPERATION, DR. DORN GOES THROUGH THE SAME STRANGE ROUTINE---

I'LL TAKE YOUR GOWN AND GLOVES, DOCTOR.

JUST THE GOWN, NURSE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GLOVES MYSELF!





SEE, I TOLD YOU. HE NEVER LETS ANYONE ELSE TOUCH THOSE GLOVES. IT'S SOME SUPERSTITION, I GUESS.

IT'S MORE THAN A SUPERSTITION. THOSE GLOVES ARE ALIVE!



YES, THEY'RE ALIVE, I TELL YOU... AND THEY CAN MOVE BY THEMSELVES! I SAW THEM ONCE...

THERE GOES POOR MISS BLAINE AGAIN WITH THAT HARE-BRAINED STORY ABOUT THE GLOVES OF DR. MAREK! HA, HA!



A HARE-BRAINED STORY? NOT AT ALL. FOR THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THESE GLOVES... AND NO ONE SHOULD KNOW IT BETTER THAN I... JULES DORN!



"IT BEGAN FIVE YEARS AGO. AS A GRADUATE IN SURGERY, I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED AS THE ASSISTANT OF DR. MAREK, THE WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON..."

JULES, YOU'LL TAKE THE NEXT ONE. A SIMPLE APPENDECTOMY. I'LL STAND BY... IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

ER...VERY WELL, DR. MAREK. IF...IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT.



"IN SPITE OF MY LONG TRAINING, I HAD NO REAL CONFIDENCE IN MY ABILITY WITH THE SCALPEL. THE SLIGHTEST SLIP-UP COULD THROW ME INTO NEAR PANIC..."

THAT...THAT WAS WRONG...

EASY, JULES. YOU CAN'T FOLD UP NOW WITH A PATIENT'S LIFE IN YOUR HANDS.



I...I CAN'T GO ON. I CAN'T!

THEN STAND ASIDE CONFOUND IT...AND LET ME TAKE OVER!



"BUT AFTERWARD, DR. MAREK'S ANGER WOULD BE FORGOTTEN..."

THAT PATIENT...I WOULD HAVE LOST HIM IF NOT FOR YOU.

IT WAS A TRIVIAL MISTAKE YOU MADE BACK THERE, JULES. BUT YOU MADE IT TEN TIMES AS BAD BY BECOMING PANICKY.



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO IT ALL, DR. MAREK. I'M INCOMPETENT, A BUNGLER. THE BEST THING I COULD DO IS RESIGN FROM THE STAFF.

AND THROW AWAY YOUR LONG YEARS OF INVALUABLE TRAINING? NONSENSE, MY BOY. WHAT YOU NEED IS SELF-CONFIDENCE. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE HOLD OF YOURSELF.



YOUR HANDS...OH, IF I ONLY HAD FIRM, SURE HANDS LIKE YOURS!

AND IF I ONLY HAD YOUR YOUTH, JULES! AH, THERE'S SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE, AND I HAVE SO LITTLE TIME!



"DR. MAREK MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN SO TOLERANT OF ME IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIS DAUGHTER..."

NOW DADDY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP JULES LOCKED UP IN HERE ALL NIGHT. WE'VE GOT A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.

YOU CAN HAVE HIM NOW, HESTER. AND HELP HIM RELAX A LITTLE...HE HAD A ROUGH DAY.



WHY NOT COME ALONG WITH US? YOU COULD USE A LITTLE RELAXATION YOURSELF.

SORRY, DEAR, I'VE GOT TO DROP IN AT THE EASTSIDE CLINIC. A FEW CHARITY CASES I PROMISED TO TAKE CARE OF...



"YES, DR. MAREK NEVER GAVE HIMSELF A MOMENT'S REST. HE SPENT HIS SPARE TIME AT CHARITY CLINICS, WORKING DESPERATELY AS IF EACH DAY WAS HIS LAST. INEVITABLY, IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS OVER-WORKED HEART..."

YOU CAN'T LEAVE US NOW! MY WEDDING...IT'S ONLY A FEW MONTHS AWAY...

DEAR CHILD, HOW I WISH IT DIDN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY...



JULES...I WAS HOPING TO GIVE YOU A WEDDING PRESENT...BUT THERE'S SO LITTLE LEFT. I GAVE IT ALL AWAY TO CLINICS AND MEDICAL CENTERS FOR THE POOR.

I UNDERSTAND, SIR. BUT THAT'S ALL SO UNIMPORTANT NOW.



AND THEN THE OLD MAN'S EYES SHONE WITH A STRANGE LIGHT...

MY HANDS...YOU ALWAYS ADMIRERED THEM. I WISH I COULD LEAVE THEM TO YOU, BUT I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE INSTEAD...MY SURGEON'S GLOVES!

IT'S AN HONOR I DON'T DESERVE.



"AND THEN IT WAS ALL OVER...MY GUIDE AND PROTECTOR HAD LEFT ME..."

OH JULES, HE'S GONE...DADDY'S GONE.

THOSE GLOVES---ARE ALL HE LEFT TO THIS WORLD. I'LL TREASURE THEM AS LONG AS I LIVE.



"I PUT THOSE GLOVES IN AN HONORED PLACE IN MY OFFICE. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO ME, BUT INSTEAD I WAS EVEN MORE UNSURE OF MYSELF THAN BEFORE..."

THE X-RAY ON THAT OPERATION YOU'VE GOT SCHEDULED FOR THIS AFTERNOON---IT'S GOING TO BE A ROUGH ONE, DORN.

ER---DIDN'T I TELL YOU, SIR? I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL---I'VE ASKED DR. BUCKNER TO TAKE OVER FOR ME.



"MY LACK OF CONFIDENCE AND TENDENCY TO PANIC BECAME WORSE EACH DAY. SOON I COULD HEAR THE WHISPERS AROUND ME..."

A SIMPLE OPERATION LIKE THAT---AND HE NEARLY BOTCHED IT.

HE HASN'T GOT MAREK TO PROTECT HIM NOW. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL HE'S DISMISSED!



I HEARD THEM, HESTER. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE...

JULES, DEAREST, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF. DAD ALWAYS SAID THAT ALL YOU NEEDED TO BE A FINE SURGEON WAS SELF-CONFIDENCE.



"AND THEN, ONE NIGHT--AS A RAGING STORM SWEEP ACROSS THE CITY..."

DR. BUCKNER AND DR. CRAGG CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL TONIGHT. THE STORM WASHED OUT ALL SURFACE TRANSPORTATION.

I GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL BE ON DUTY ALL ALONE TONIGHT... THANK YOU, MISS BLAINE.



"IT WAS TOWARD MIDNIGHT THAT I GOT A CALL FROM THE EMERGENCY ROOM..."

A PATIENT WAS JUST BROUGHT IN, DR. DORN. A YOUNG LADY---BADLY INJURED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

I'LL BE DOWN AT ONCE.



"AS I HURRIED DOWN THE CORRIDOR, A VAGUE PREMONITION OF DISASTER TROUBLED ME. THEN, AS I ENTERED THE EMERGENCY ROOM..."

HESTER! GOOD HEAVENS---IT'S HESTER!

JULES---HURT---SO BAD...

TREASURE CHEST OF FUN



BIKE SPEEDOMETER

READS UP TO 50 M.P.H.
See how fast your riding! Time yourself in racing and see if you can better your top speed. No gears, no complicated mechanism. Fasten to handle bars and go. Easy to install.
No. 199

Only 75¢



SPOOK HAND

A million laughs! This realistic, skin colored spook hand has red fingernails and big knuckles that are completely realistic. Imagine it poking out of your car, out of a pot, opening a door. Sticks anywhere with special adhesive included. Can be re-used over & over again. It's real weird.
8079

.98



ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Just light one and watch the column of thick, white smoke rise to the ceiling, mushrooming into a dense cloud. Just like an A-Bomb.
No. 971

20¢



SHRUNKEN HEADS

FANTASTIC! Looks exactly like what jungle head hunters prepare. Something new and startling to hang in your car, or in your room. A horrible and unusual gift in a box.
477

75¢



YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH

Master Jui Jitsu and you'll win any fight. This book gives all the grips, blocks, etc. which are so effective in counterattack. FREE book on how to perform strong man stunts also included.
No. 224

1.00



JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.
No. 239

Only 50¢

SURPRISE PACKAGE



Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
No. 678

Only 50¢

THROW YOUR VOICE



Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".
No. 137

25¢



WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion. Then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.
No. 247

50¢



AMAZING MINIATURE RADIO

Tiny leatherweight radio that operates without batteries, without tubes, but brings you years of listening pleasure. Nothing to wear out or replace. Plays indefinitely. Complete with own carrying case.
No. 044

4.98



ELECTRIC MOTOR

Drives All Models

Yes, now you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. It sounds unbelievable, but it's true. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power unit. And the fun you're going to get driving your model planes, boats, etc. Comes complete with easy to follow instructions for assembly.
No. 852

50¢



BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216

25¢



PHAROAH SERPENTS

Special pill that when lighted forms 1 ft. snake. Has a stunning effect on the viewer. Can be done casually, or as a special trick.
Box of 10

No. 524

20¢



24" RUBBER SNAKE

A gigantic 24" snake that will coil and seem to be alive! Throw it into a crowd and watch the fun start.
No. 5451

\$1.50

SNOW STORM TABLETS

Just place one of these on the end of a burning cigarette, and watch the snow fly. It'll create a real indoor snow blizzard.
No. 045

per pkg. 20¢



MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Precision camera so small it fits in cigarette pack. Weighs 2 1/2 ounces and takes 10 pictures per roll. Precision ground lens and time expose shutter. Can be hidden anywhere. Complete with free roll of film.
No. 788

1.98



BUILD A BODY OF STEEL

Start Seeing Results in Just 30 Days! Pocket Gym will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, shoulders, stomach and legs. In just 30 days you'll begin to earn the respect of all your friends—the admiration of all the girls. You'll keep fit and fear no one.
001

1.00



HOT CANDY

Looks like regular candy, but it sure doesn't taste like it. Burns their mouth when they eat it.
Pkg. of 3

No. 022

12¢



BITTER CIGARETTE

Dip the ends of a cigarette into this tobacco-colored powder, and watch the fun—it's bitter!
No. 026

20¢



FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.
No. 549

25¢



PRANKSTER EXHAUST WHISTLE

Greatest gag in years! Place this gadget inside any tail pipe and watch the fun. Sounds like the transmission, fuel pump, and whole rear end caved in harmlessly, but a panic.
No. 087

75¢



BLACK CHEWING GUM

Sucker starts chewing this ordinary-looking gum and his mouth and teeth turn black. It's awful but harmless.
No. 570

25¢

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

All merchandise advertised is unconditionally guaranteed to be more fun than you've ever had or simply return it to us for full refund. Specify item numbers and names of articles when ordering.

Sorry, but we cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00. Kindly add 15¢ for postage and handling to all orders. Simply send cash, check or money order, or order COD from:

Honor House Prod. Corp.
Lynbrook, New York

Dept. H.C. 42



"IN THAT MOMENT, FEAR SEIZED ME. FRANTICALLY I SEARCHED FOR THE HELP I NEEDED SO DESPERATELY..."

QUICKLY, NURSE. GET IN TOUCH WITH DR. BUCKNER OR DR. CRAGG. EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

BUT I TOLD YOU, DOCTOR, THEY COULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL IN THIS STORM. AND WE'RE DESPERATELY SHORT-HANDED ON NURSES, TOO. I'M THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE TO HELP YOU.



"FIGHTING TO CONTROL MYSELF, I TOOK THE NEEDED X-RAYS. WHEN I EXAMINED THEM..."

SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES---SHE NEEDS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION **AT ONCE!**

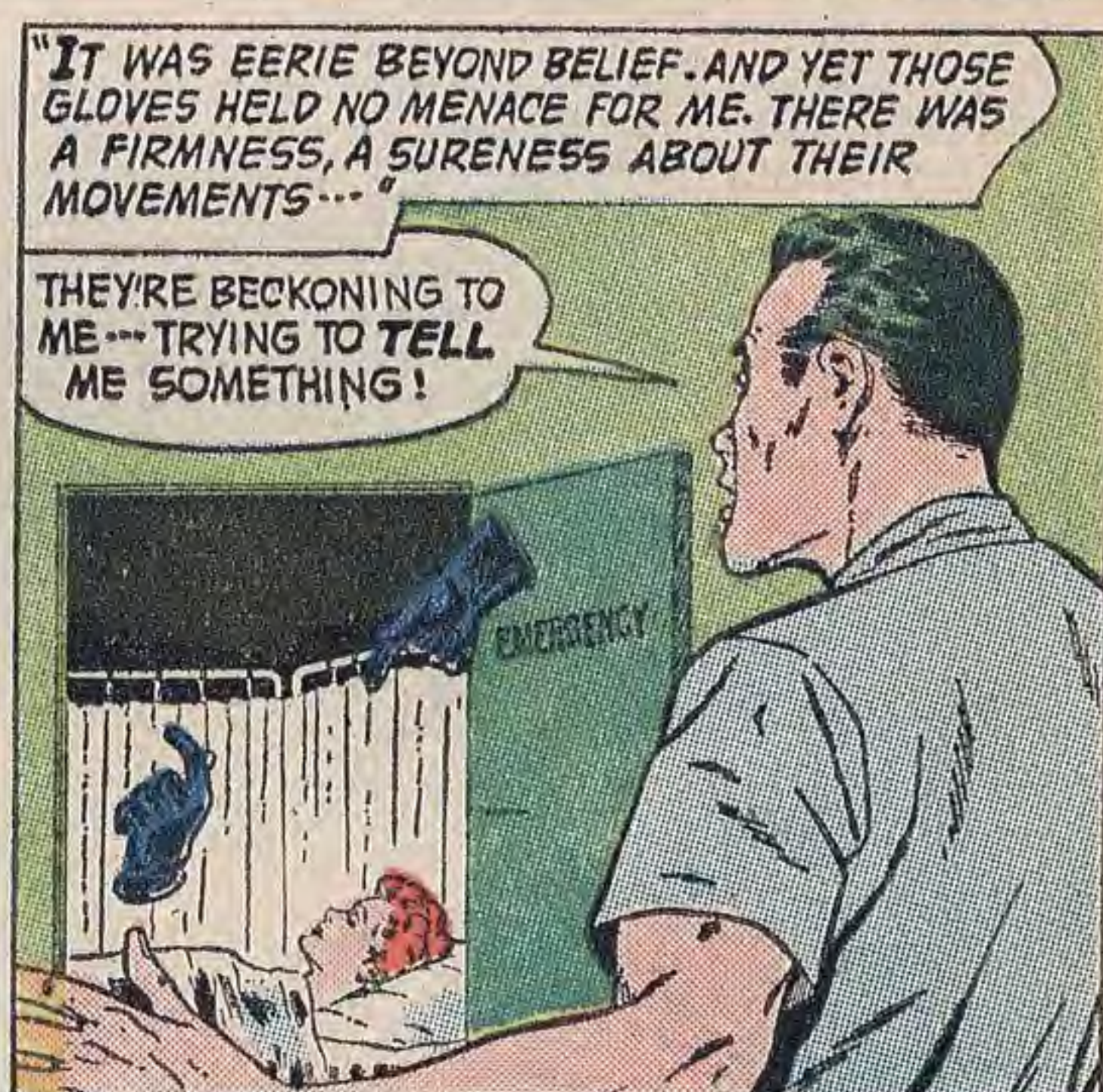


BUT---BUT I CAN'T OPERATE ALONE. WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS? A SLIP---A MOMENT OF UNCERTAINTY---AND I WOULD LOSE HESTER FOREVER!



"AND THEN, SUDDENLY, I CAUGHT A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. I TURNED ---TO BEHOLD AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT---"

THE **GLOVES!**
DR. MAREK'S GLOVES
---COMING TOWARD ME!



"IT WAS EERIE BEYOND BELIEF. AND YET THOSE GLOVES HELD NO MENACE FOR ME. THERE WAS A FIRMNESS, A SURENESS ABOUT THEIR MOVEMENTS..."

THEY'RE BECKONING TO ME---TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



"ALL AT ONCE I KNEW! I WAS AWARE WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING THAT SOMEONE WAS THERE IN THE ROOM WITH ME, SOMEONE WHO WAS TRYING TO REACH ME, TRYING TO GIVE ME COURAGE FOR WHAT MUST BE DONE..."

OPERATE!
YES, I UNDER-
STAND. I **MUST**
OPERATE, OR
I'LL LOSE
HER!



"I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO THEN..."

NURSE BLAINE, I'LL OPERATE AT ONCE. YOU'LL ASSIST ME. WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE.

I'LL MAKE THE PREPARATION AT ONCE.

THESE SURGICAL GLOVES...I'D LIKE TO USE THEM IN THE OPERATION.

WE HAVE OTHERS READY, DOCTOR, BUT IF YOU PREFER THESE...I'LL STERILIZE THEM AT ONCE.



THE OPERATION BEGAN. IN THE BEGINNING, IT WAS AS IF THOSE GLOVES INSPIRED ME. I WORKED SWIFTLY, SMOOTHLY, WITH NURSE BLAINE AT MY SIDE...

IS IT BAD, DOCTOR?

PRETTY BAD. WE'LL HAVE TO WORK QUICKLY...SHE'S LOSING STRENGTH.



AND THEN IT HAPPENED...THE SLIP I HAD DREADED...

THAT BLOOD VESSEL! IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE! WHAT WILL I DO NOW?



FRANTICALLY, I TRIED TO CONTROL MY TREMBLING HANDS...

NURSE! THERE'S PERSPIRATION IN MY EYES...I CAN'T SEE!

DOCTOR, HOLD ON TO YOURSELF! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF.



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE TREMBLING LEFT MY HANDS. THEY BEGAN TO MOVE FIRMLY, SURELY...

MY HANDS...THEY PICKED UP THE INSTRUMENTS...BUT IT WASN'T I THAT MOVED THEM!



AND THEN I KNEW THE TRUTH. IT WAS THE GLOVES! THE GLOVES OF DR. MAREK WERE CONTROLLING MY HANDS, CONTROLLING EVERY SURE AND CERTAIN MOVE THEY MADE...

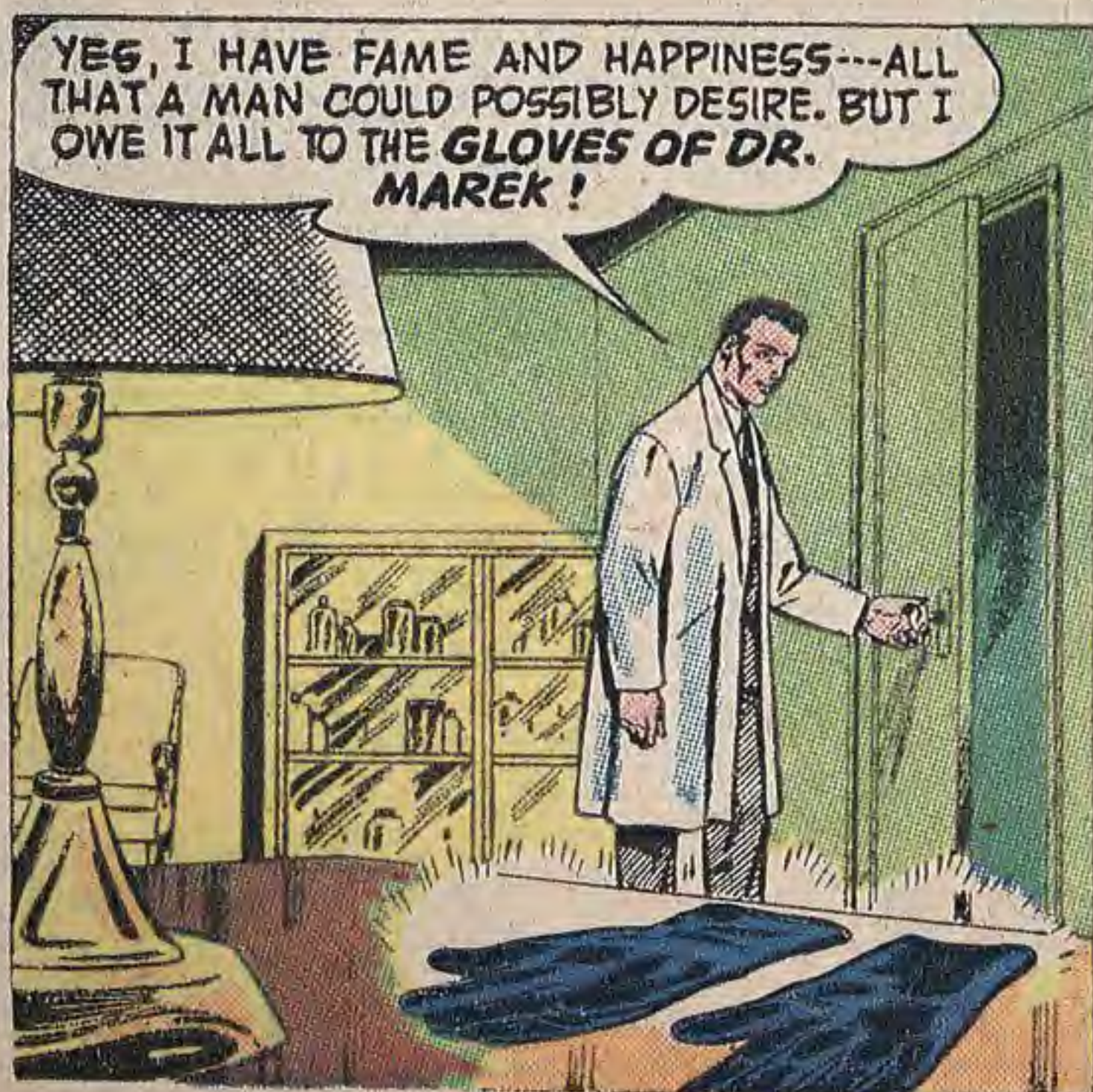
DOCTOR, YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED...BUT YOUR HANDS...YOUR HANDS!



AND THEN, IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER...

SHE'S FAINTED! I'LL HAVE TO FINISH IT ALONE NOW!





150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

EACH GUN BOX CONTAINS:

6 GATLING MACHINE GUNS	6 SCOUTS
30 CAVALRYMEN	6 OFFICERS
30 INFANTRYMEN	6 SERGEANTS
18 SHARPSHOOTERS	6 BUGLERS
18 FIELD CANNON	6 COAST MORTARS
3 MERRIMAC SHIPS	
6 HOSPITAL WAGONS	
6 HOSPITAL NURSES	
3 MONITOR SHIPS	

\$1.49



TWO COMPLETE ARMIES—THE BLUES AND THE GREYS!
EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN
BASE MEASURING UP TO 4 INCHES!

JOSELY CO., Dept. W-20A

Carle Place

Long Island, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.49!

NO

C.O.D.'s

Rush the CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS TO ME!

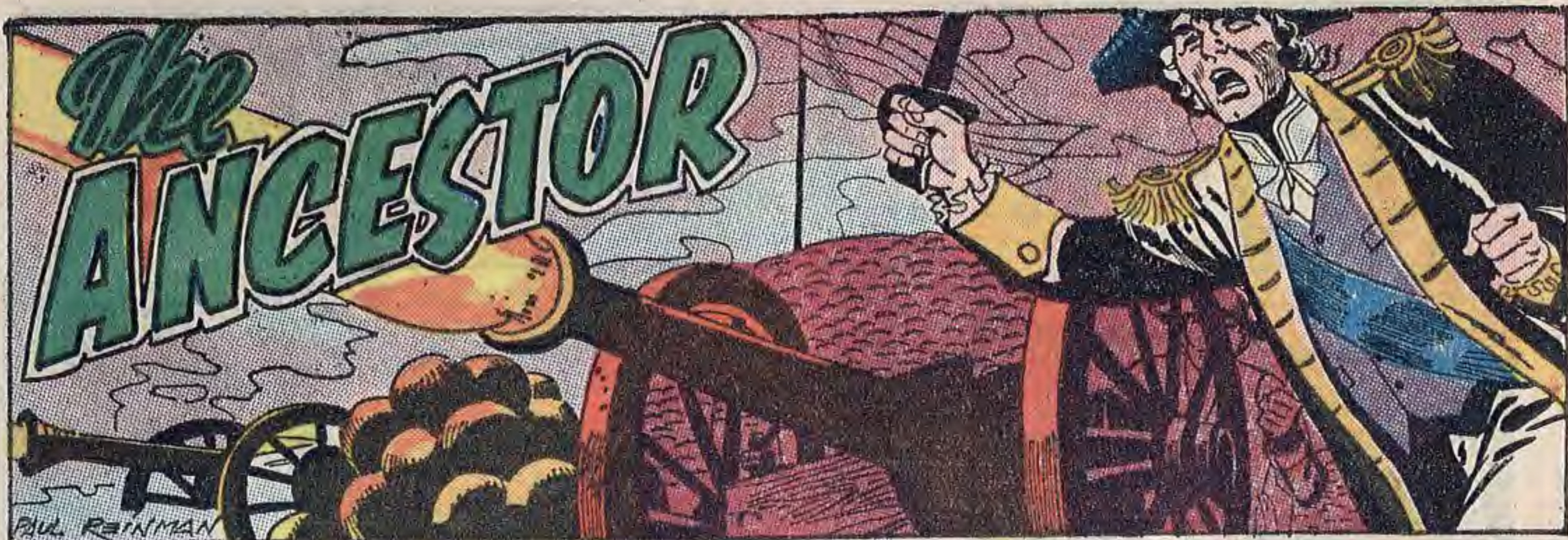
Name

Address

City State

Canadian orders add \$1.75 postal money order





FOR GENERATIONS, THE HIGBEES HAD ANSWERED THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL. AND NOW, AS JOHN HIGBEE DEPARTED TO SERVE IN WORLD WAR II...



TO YOU, HIRAM HIGBEE, GENERAL OF THE ARTILLERY IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY! I HOPE I'M HALF THE SOLDIER YOU WERE!

IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE...

CAPTAIN HIGBEE, WE'RE TRAPPED... AND THAT TIGER TANK HAS US IN ITS SIGHTS!

WE'LL HAVE TO STICK IT OUT, BOYS! WE CAN'T RETREAT, OR THE WHOLE LINE WILL COLLAPSE!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE...

LOOKS LIKE OUR ARTILLERY FINALLY OPENED UP!

BUT HOW'D THEY SPOT THAT TANK IN THIS FOG?



YES, IN SPITE OF THE MIST THE SHELL-FIRE WAS DEADLY ACCURATE...

THAT'S HER FINISH, CAPTAIN!

COME ON, MEN, WE'RE MOVING UP! WE'VE GOT THOSE NAZIS ON THE RUN!



BUT AS THEY PASSED THE BURNED-OUT TANK...

GOOD GRIEF, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS SHELL WE THREW AT THEM! I DIDN'T THINK THE ARMY HAD AMMUNITION LIKE THIS ANYMORE!

YOU'RE RIGHT... SHELLS OF THAT TYPE HAVEN'T BEEN MADE SINCE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR! WHERE COULD IT HAVE COME FROM?



BUT BY THE TIME JOHN HIGBEE ARRIVED HOME SAFELY TWO YEARS LATER, HE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT...

TO YOU, GENERAL! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



THE END

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

You know the address, readers. The Editor—"Forbidden Worlds"—347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. That's where your letter should go, telling us what you think of "Forbidden Worlds", its art and stories and anything else you'd like to register your opinion on. Here are some recent opinions sent in by folks, some of whom love us and others—well, judge for yourselves!

"Dear Editor:—

I just wanted to drop you a few lines to tell you what I think of 'Forbidden Worlds'. I will be frank and exact in telling you how this marvelous book appears through my eyes. First of all, I would like to mention that a few stories were exceptionally good. They are as follows: 'There's A New Moon Tonight', in No. 65—'The Strength Of Ten', in No. 69, which had an amazing twist—'In The Beginning', in No. 76, which I rate as superb—'The Man Who Knew Tomorrow', in No. 44—an old one, but wonderful. There are many others I would like to cite, but I think that 'Mr. Miggs From Mercury', which appeared in No. 42, was about the best. In general, I think your artwork is beautiful, especially your covers. Your plots and stories are unusually good, but some are corny, such as—well, to tell you the truth, I only found one that was really corny. That was 'Somewhere I'll Find You', in No. 75.

—Ken Cole, Oaklawn, Ill."

We appreciate the compliments you've paid us, Ken, and hope that we really deserve them. On the subject of corniness, we admit that we've been gloriously guilty on too many occasions, when we've hammed it up for fair. However, we don't think we were guilty as regards "Somewhere I'll Find You". That one was different, in our estimation, and not at all corny! But we could name lots of others where we did fall down!

Dear Editor:—

I like 'Forbidden Worlds' very much. I also enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. No. 78 was a great issue of the former—the best I've read in a long time. I don't like your one-page stories at all, but I do love your mags. Out of your great No. 78 issue, the best story was 'The Oracle Stone', which was the best story I've read in a long time. Why don't you print a 25c book? I've heard a lot about 'There's A New Moon Tonight'—will you tell me in what issue it appeared? Why don't you make 'From Your Editor To You' three pages? Why don't you print a story or two about Hot Rods? In closing, everybody loves you around here!

—Kay Simpson, Pasadena, Calif."

You can't get very much plot into a one-pager, Kay, and that's probably why you don't like them—but we need them occasionally as fill-ins to round

out an issue. Now let's get to your questions. "There's A New Moon Tonight" appeared in issue No. 65. We might consider making this department three pages if the majority of our readers wanted us to—but we'll have to hear from a lot of them on this subject first. We'd rather not print a 25c book because that price might be out of the range of too many of our readers. About this hot rod jazz—do you mean a weird story involving them? In closing, we love you, too!

"Dear Editor:—

I just read your May issue. In general, it stunk. But that isn't unusual, most all of them do. 'The Stray' was the worst story I ever read. 'The Oracle Stone' was just as bad. Your fake letter writer is as good as ever. The advertising is more interesting than the stories. This magazine is the worst piece of trash ever printed. I know you won't print this letter in the book that is so close to your hearts. (That line killed me.) If you print this I'll really be surprised. You can't afford to lose even a few of your readers. I don't know why I took the time to write this. It's only another ten minutes wasted. The other wasted ten minutes was when I read your ridiculous book.

—Mike Bullard, Spangdahlem, Germany"

Case study: The typical writer of the common or garden variety crank letter knows only one rule—*attract attention*. This is done by insulting the unlucky object of his letter. He doesn't believe in constructive criticism, he'd rather tear down. Part of his ammunition consists of charges of dishonesty—*forged letters*, in this case. The usual crank letter then proceeds to express the doubt that his words will ever see the light of day—*virtually daring us to publish it*, in other words. This is done in an effort to get the letter in question into print. Please, Mike—do you have to go in for this sort of stuff? Actually, sincerity is the best way to get your letter reprinted. We don't mind how adverse the criticism, as long as it's in good faith. We don't really think you mean the things you said, because if most of our issues were as bad as you indicated, you'd have had to be out of your mind to keep buying them—and we don't think you're out of your mind!

"Dear Editor:—

I've been reading 'Forbidden Worlds' for about six months now. I hated science fiction before I started reading it, but as soon as I got your November issue, I became a strange story fan. I just adored 'A Highly Localized Snowfall' in your issue No. 74, and in No. 78, I think that the story 'The Stray' was the best I have ever read. Your magazine is the most—keep up the good work!

—Catherine Sroles, Wormes, Germany"

Funny, isn't it? Another letter from Germany, as was the one above. But what a difference! Whereas

Miss Bullard calls "The Army" the worst story she ever read, Catherine hails it as the best!

• • •
"Dear Editor:—

I can describe your magazine, *'Forbidden Worlds'*, in only one word—great! My all-time favorite is *'Herbie's Quiet Saturday Afternoon'*, in your No. 73 issue. Would you tell me who wrote this story, please? I noticed that Ogden Whitney does all the covers for you. Would you tell me why? I'll tell you one thing—you guys are fools to charge ten cents when you could get fifteen. Your magazine is just great. Keep up the very good work you're capable of doing. Thank you.

—Al Sears, New York, N. Y."

• • •
"Herbie" was a cutie-pie, all right—we think Bob Standish wrote that one. Ogden Whitney does our covers because of the bold, attractive type of illustration which he employs. We keep to our ten cent price to keep our magazine within the range of the greatest number of buyers.

• • •
"Dear Editor:—

I think you've got a terrific mag in *'Forbidden Worlds'*. In issue No. 76, *'In The Beginning'* was superb—best I've read in a long time. *'The Glittering Nightmare'* was also very good. It's a wonderful example of the pathetic scientist who spends his lifetime proving his unbelievable theory, only to have it destroyed and his mind with it. *'Professor Benton's Betters'* was fair. *'The Second Henry Stone'* was the only flaw in the issue. I just didn't go for it. I've been reading *'Forbidden Worlds'* for some time now and I have only one comment—*improve your art!* I'd say that it sure could be improved on. Your two best artists are Ogden Whitney and Al Williamson. A loyal fan—

—Gregory Greene, Bayside, N. Y."

We're always interested in improving our art, Gregory—but do we have to? We had thought that we were rather strong in that particular department, but it's what our readers think that counts. What do you say, all you other readers? Is Greg right? We could be wrong—and if we are, we'll get busy fast!

• • •
"Dear Editor:—

I've just finished reading Issue No. 79 of *'Forbidden Worlds'* and it was great. *'The Man Who Couldn't Be Stopped'* had a strange twist at the end that made it more exciting than usual. *'Island With A Secret'* was fair, but it was not up to the standard I've learned to expect from *'Forbidden Worlds'*. *'The Hunt'* was a realistic step into the Unknown, but *'The Strange Case of Uncle Hooper'* was my favorite story in that issue. One thing bothers me, though. People who want to see their names in your magazine write a crank letter and then end it with *'I'll bet you won't print this'*, or something like that. When are they going to learn that if they want to say something against your magazine, there is an adult way to do it. In closing, I would like to say that as many readers have stated in letters to your magazine, I should like to see a *'Forbidden Worlds'* annual, because I have missed your early issues. Thanks for a great magazine!

—Michael Sazonoff, Elizabeth, N. J."

I am eye to eye with Mr. Michael, on the subject of those destructive letters. And now, about the matter of an annual—there are a good many fans who are rooting for one—but as yet, not quite enough to make us take the necessary step. You see, many fans have stated that they wouldn't be interested in buying a magazine containing stories they've already read.

• • •
Dear Editor:—

I am an avid science fiction fan and I enjoy *'Forbidden Worlds'* very much. I have just finished reading issue No. 78. It was very good, especially *'Queen Of Uranus'*. Ogden Whitney never ceases to amaze me. I would, however, like to make a suggestion. In *'From Your Editor To You'*, why not list the full address of each letter writer? Then we could correspond with others who feel the same way that we do. Also, it would be a big boon to my friends and me, as we are forming a nationwide fan club for science fiction fans. We already have members in 12 cities across the nation. You could really help us a lot by following my suggestion. Thanks!

—Billy Joe Platt, Science Fiction Anonymous,
P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Ala."

A lot of interesting letters and new friendships could result from this, fans. What do you think of the idea—about listing addresses as well as names, that is?

• • •
"Dear Editor:—

Let me compliment you on your magazine. *'Forbidden Worlds'* is the best I've ever read. I've just finished the June issue, and I liked all the stories. *'The Man Who Couldn't Be Stopped'* was great. *'Island With A Secret'* was stupendous, *'The Hunt'* terrific. And *'The Strange Case Of Uncle Hooper'* was real funny. Incidentally, I don't like to be called an idiot by people like Steve Gorman. This is the first time I've ever written to any magazine, and I sure hope you print my letter in your next issue. My mom likes to read your fine book too—we seldom miss an issue. A faithful reader—

—Bobby Meadows, St. Louis, Mo."

"Forbidden Worlds" is a family affair in many homes. People like exciting reading—and that's the way, we try to point our stories!

• • •
"Dear Editor:—

I have an abundance of back-date *'Forbidden Worlds'* and *'Adventures Into The Unknown'* that I want to get rid of. If any of your readers wish any of the following, please have them contact me. *'Forbidden Worlds'*—Numbers 1, 7, 20, 21, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 48, 49, and 51 through 77, inclusive. *'Adventures Into The Unknown'*—21, 27, 28, 39, 42, 44, 51, 57, 58, 59, 63, 68, 76, 77, and 79 through 107, inclusive. I want other readers to have as much pleasure in reading them as I did. —Frank Nuessel, 14412 Normal, Chicago 27, Ill."

We have just received this letter from Frank. Since we are not in a position to furnish back issues, we reprint it solely in the interests of those readers who might like to contact him on this subject.

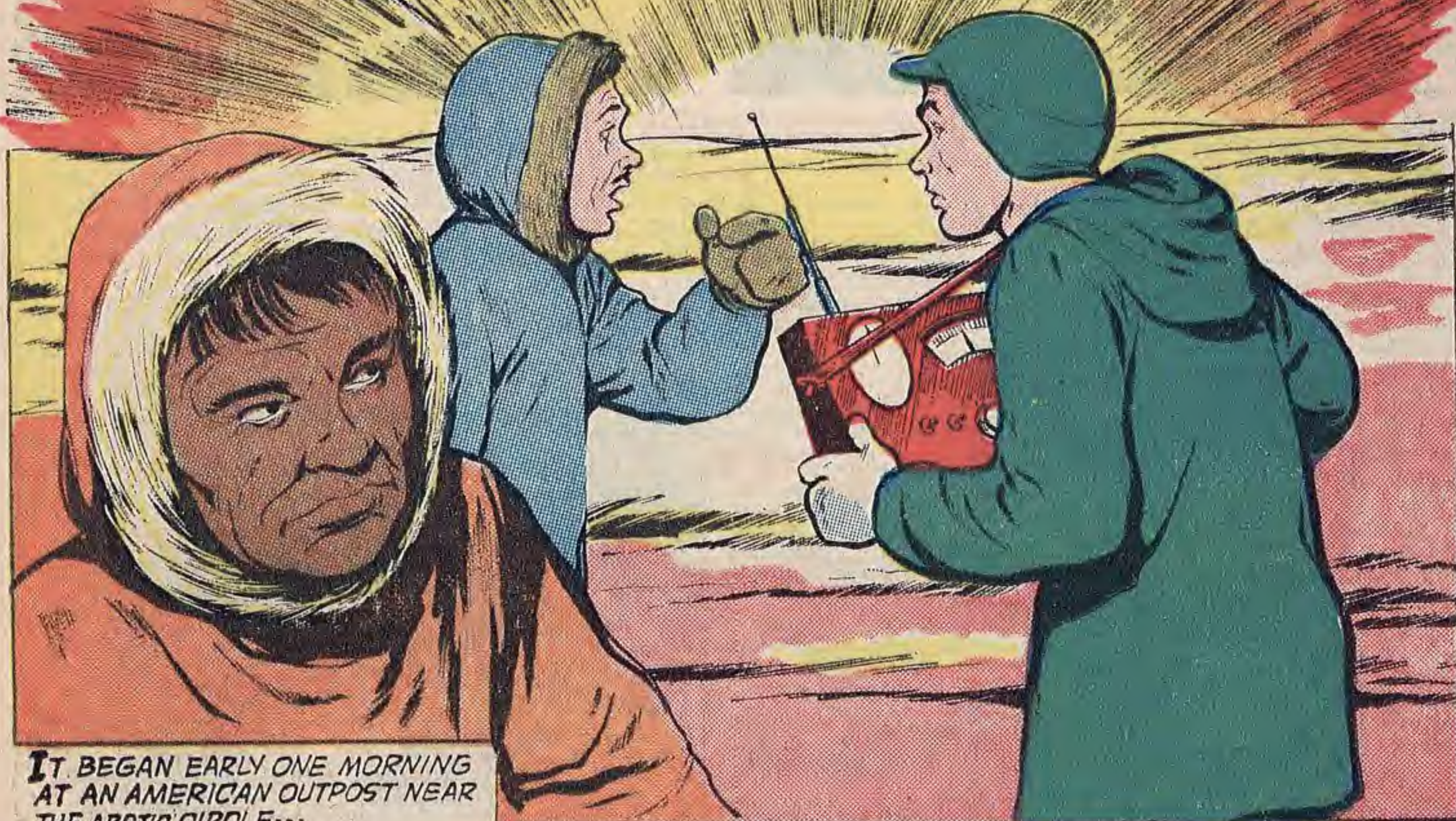
NEVER BEFORE HAD DANGER BEEN SO MENACING, SO IMMINENT! AND ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN IT AND AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD'S ANNIHILATION WERE THE TWO SCIENTISTS AND THE ESKIMO---

IGNOOK!

STORY:-
JAMES R.
THOMPSON
ART:-
JOHN R.

W-WHAT
IS IT,
COLLINS?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'VE
GOT THE FEELING IT'S THE
GREATEST MENACE
HUMANITY'S EVER
FACED!



IT BEGAN EARLY ONE MORNING
AT AN AMERICAN OUTPOST NEAR
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE---

THERE'S THAT STRANGE SIGNAL
ON THE RADAR SCREEN AGAIN!
ONLY THIS TIME IT'S STRONGER!

BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE! THERE'S NOTHING
OUT THERE BUT FROZEN
WASTELAND!

RADAR DOESN'T LIE, COLLINS!
SOMETHING IS OUT THERE AND
IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR JOB TO
FIND OUT **WHAT!**

YES,
SIR!

YOU'LL GO WITH COLLINS,
STONE! HAVE YOUR GEAR READY
AND PACKED WITHIN THE HOUR!
WE'LL FLY YOU AS FAR NORTH AS
WE CAN LAND. THE REST OF THE
WAY WILL HAVE TO BE BY SLED!



THEIR PLANE TOOK THEM AS FAR NORTH AS BARLOW POINT--



FRANKLY, COLLING, I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS, NOT ONE BIT! AND THIS **IGNOOK** SCARCELY LOOKS TRUSTWORTHY TO ME!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT **IGNOOK**! I HEAR THAT HE'S THE BEST GUIDE THIS COUNTRY HAS TO OFFER, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

WELL, IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR **ME**! HE STRIKES ME AS A DULL-WITTED CREATURE, AND WHEN I THINK THAT I'M ENTRUSTING MY LIFE TO--

FORGET IT, **STONE**! IT'S TOO LATE NOW FOR **GRIPES**!



WITH THE CRACK OF **IGNOOK**'S WHIP, THE DOGS BROKE AWAY IN A BURST OF SPEED--



MALLA, INAAK ... OOKAR!

FOR TWO DAYS THEY SLICED FORWARD THROUGH THE FROZEN WASTELAND--

WE STILL KNOW AS LITTLE AS WHEN WE STARTED! FRANKLY, COLLINS, THIS WHOLE ADVENTURE IS A BIT SENSELESS--LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WHICH IN ALL PROBABILITY DOESN'T EXIST!

I KNOW, **STONE**, BUT WE'VE GOT TO CHECK IT OUT AND BE SURE! AFTER ALL, THAT STRANGE BLIP ON THE RADAR SCREEN MUST HAVE MEANT **SOMETHING**!



THIS SIMPLE-MINDED SAVAGE DOESN'T HELP MATTERS ANY! I'M NO SNOB, COLLINS, BUT THIS CREATURE IS SO CLOSE TO THE ANIMAL LEVEL--

LUCKY FOR YOU HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!

THERE ISN'T MUCH HE **DOES** UNDERSTAND! LOOK AT HIM GO AT HIS FOOD--NO DIFFERENT THAN THE DOGS!

CRITICIZE IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I THINK I'LL TAKE A FEW READINGS AND THEN TURN IN!

AS COLLINS MADE A ROUTINE CHECK WITH THE MAGNETIC FIELD INDICATOR--

STONE! COME HERE! SOMETHING'S GONE **HAYWIRE**!



LOOK AT THE NEEDLE! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! SOME UNUSUALLY POWERFUL FORCE IS AFFECTING IT, AND IT CAN'T BE FAR OFF!

LET'S TRY PLOTTING A DIRECTIONAL!



IMPASSIVE AS EVER, UNAFFECTED BY THE EXCITEMENT OF THE TWO SCIENTISTS, IGNOOK SQUATTED ON HIS HEELS BESIDE THE FLICKERING FLAMES---

MY FIXES READ FOURTEEN BY TWENTY-TWO, ECHO-STRENGTH THREE FARADS AND RISING STEADILY!

CHECK! BUT... BUT THAT MEANS THE DISTURBANCE SOURCE MUST BE WITHIN A 2000 YARD RADIUS! DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?



SLOWLY THEY EDGED INTO THE POLAR NIGHT---

SUDDENLY---

THE NEEDLE JAMMED! WHAT-EVER IT IS THAT'S AFFECTING IT MUST BE CLOSE BY!

BUT WHERE? THERE'S NOTHING HERE---NOTHING BUT SNOW!

WHAT ABOUT THE READINGS?

GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME! WE'RE HEADING RIGHT, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!



THEN A SNARLING, ALMOST ANIMAL SOUND INTERRUPTED THEM---

IT'S IGNOOK! WHAT IS THE BRUTE UP TO?

I DON'T KNOW, STONE! IT--IT'S AS IF HE SENSES SOMETHING---



GOOD HEAVENS, STONE! UP AHEAD ---LOOK!

OH, NO!... WHAT DO YOU FIGURE--IT IS?



IT BECAME STRONGER BY THE MOMENT, A STRANGE LIGHT THAT PULSATED FITFULLY---

COULD IT BE---SOME KIND OF MIRAGE? M---MAYBE THE NORTHERN LIGHTS---

IT'S MORE THAN THAT ---FAR MORE!



THEN, LIKE SOMETHING EMERGING FROM OUT OF A FANTASTIC DREAM---

IT'S SOME KIND OF SPACESHIP! A SAUCER---

IT'S MATERIALIZING OUT OF THAT LIGHT ---BUT HOW?



TO THEIR SURPRISE---

SECOND BY SECOND THE DETAILS SHARPENED, TOOK ON SOLIDITY. WITH AN ALMOST INAUDIBLE CLICK, THE PORT SLID OPEN---

THEY WAITED AS THE CREATURE CAME FORWARD, COMING TO A HALT SOME YARDS AWAY. SILENTLY THE SECONDS TICKED BY---

YOU WILL FORGIVE MY STARING, BUT IT TOOK ME A FULL MINUTE TO ABSORB THE CONTENTS OF YOUR MINDS ALONG WITH YOUR LANGUAGE AND MEANS OF SPEECH! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! **JANOS OF THE PLANET ZYLOX!**

ONE MINUTE TO READ OUR MINDS... ABSORB ALL WE KNOW...?

SOMETHING'S COMING OUT!

EASY, NOW! DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES! WHATEVER IT IS, GIVE IT A CHANCE!

W-WHY DOES IT JUST STARE? WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING---

GIVE IT TIME! IT'S OUR SAFEST BET!



ALIGHTING ON YOUR PLANET WAS PURELY AN ERROR! MY DESTINATION WAS **EPHOS** IN THE THIRD GALAXY, BUT MY SPACECRAFT DEVELOPED BALLAST TROUBLE AND I HAD TO LAND FOR EMERGENCY REPAIRS! HOWEVER, I DO NOT REGRET IT ONE BIT!

NEITHER SHALL OUR WORLD, I ASSURE YOU!

YOU MAY BE **WRONG**, EARTHMAN! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A PLANET SUCH AS YOURS! ONE CONTAINING A LIFE FORM WE COULD DOMINATE, MOLD TO OUR PURPOSES!

NO!



BUT YES! WHEN I RETURN, I WILL TURN IN MY REPORT! OUR INVASION WILL BE PROMPT AND OVERWHELMING! NO ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF YOUR KIND COULD DETER US! YOU WILL NOT EVEN SEE US COMING! OUR SPACE FLEET WILL BE INVISIBLE, JUST AS MY OWN CRAFT WAS A FEW MOMENTS AGO!



YOU'LL NEVER... I CAN'T MOVE! SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME!



IT'S GOT ME TOO! WE'RE TRAPPED!

OF COURSE! I HAVE DOMINATED THE THOUGHT PROCESSES OF YOUR BRAINS, FROZEN YOUR REFLEXES! IT CORRESPONDS TO WHAT YOU WOULD CALL AN HYPNOTIC TRANCE! YOU WILL REMAIN IN THIS STATE UNTIL MY DEPARTURE!



LATER, YOU MAY TELL YOUR WORLD THE FATE THAT AWAITS IT! IT WILL MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE... WE ARE FAR TOO POWERFUL! YOU WILL BE HELPLESS BEFORE US!



WITH A BULL-LIKE ROAR, IGNOOK CHARGED...

THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT! I CANNOT DOMINATE HIS BRAIN... OR FREEZE HIS REFLEXES! I'LL HAVE TO USE MY...

WITH ONE LEAP IGNOOK WAS UPON HIM, THE ALIEN PRESENCE FILLING HIM WITH FURY AS HIS WEAPON DESCENDED...

BUT SUDDENLY A STRANGE, SNARLING SOUND FILLED THE AIR...

GR-RRR...



EEE-YAHH!



OH-HH!



WITH STAGGERING STEPS, THE CREATURE LURCHED TOWARD HIS CRAFT...



HE'S GETTING AWAY!

IF HE DOES---WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

ONCE AGAIN THERE WAS THAT STRANGE, PULSATING GLOW---



IT'S STARTING TO FADE! TOO LATE--- TOO LATE!

BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT---

IT'S BLOWING UP! DESTROYED!



AND WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THEIR CAMPSITE---

HE SAVED MORE THAN OUR LIVES! HE SAVED THE WORLD!

WE KNOW IT, STONE, BUT I DOUBT IF **IGNOOK** KNOWS IT! HE'S

A PRIMITIVE CREATURE, JUST AS YOU SAID, BUT IT PROVED TO BE OUR **SALVATION!**

INSTINCT SENT HIM AT THAT ALIEN CREATURE, THE WAY AN ANIMAL WOULD LEAP AT ITS NATURAL ENEMY! **IGNOOK** IS A SIMPLE CREATURE, SO SIMPLE THE THING FROM SPACE FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DOMINATE HIS REFLEXES! YOU AND I, STONE, WITH OUR SMUGNESS AND OUR INTELLECT-- WE **FAILED!**

AND THE THINGS I SAID ABOUT HIM! THAT HE DIDN'T LOOK TRUST-WORTHY, THAT WE WERE FOOLS TO TRUST OUR LIVES IN HIS HANDS! I WAS THE FOOL, COLLINS---THE BIGGEST FOOL OF ALL!



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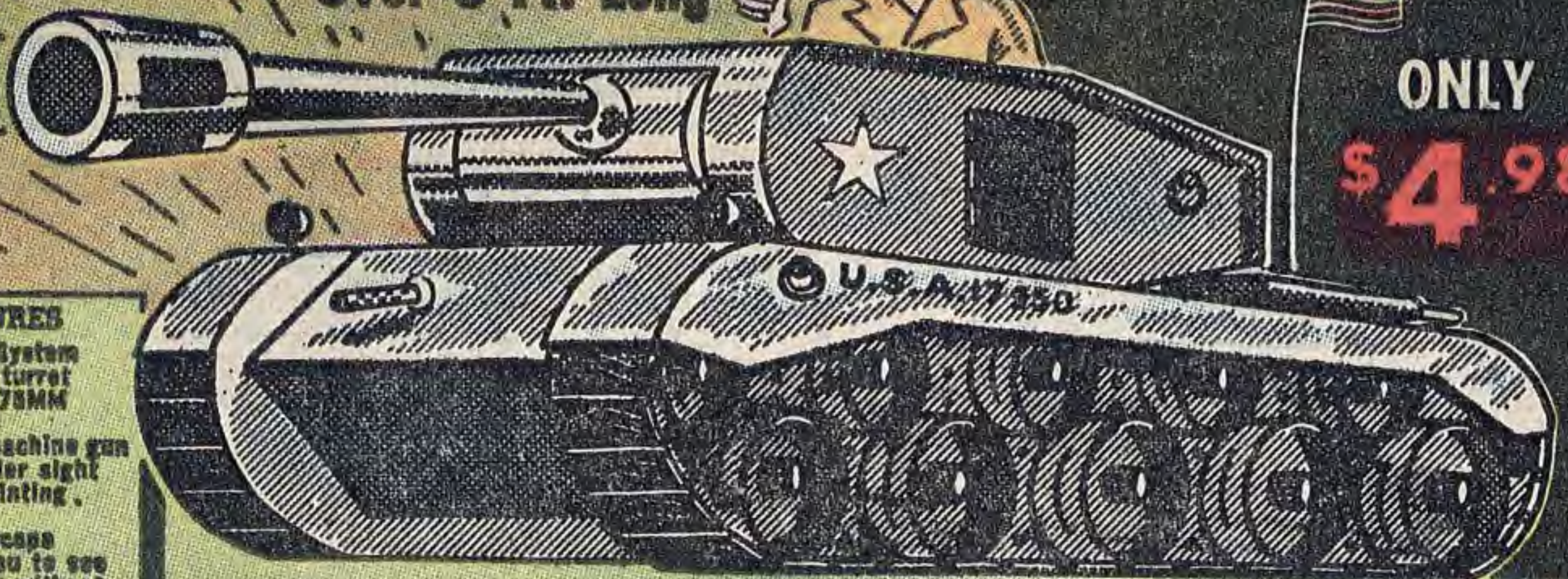
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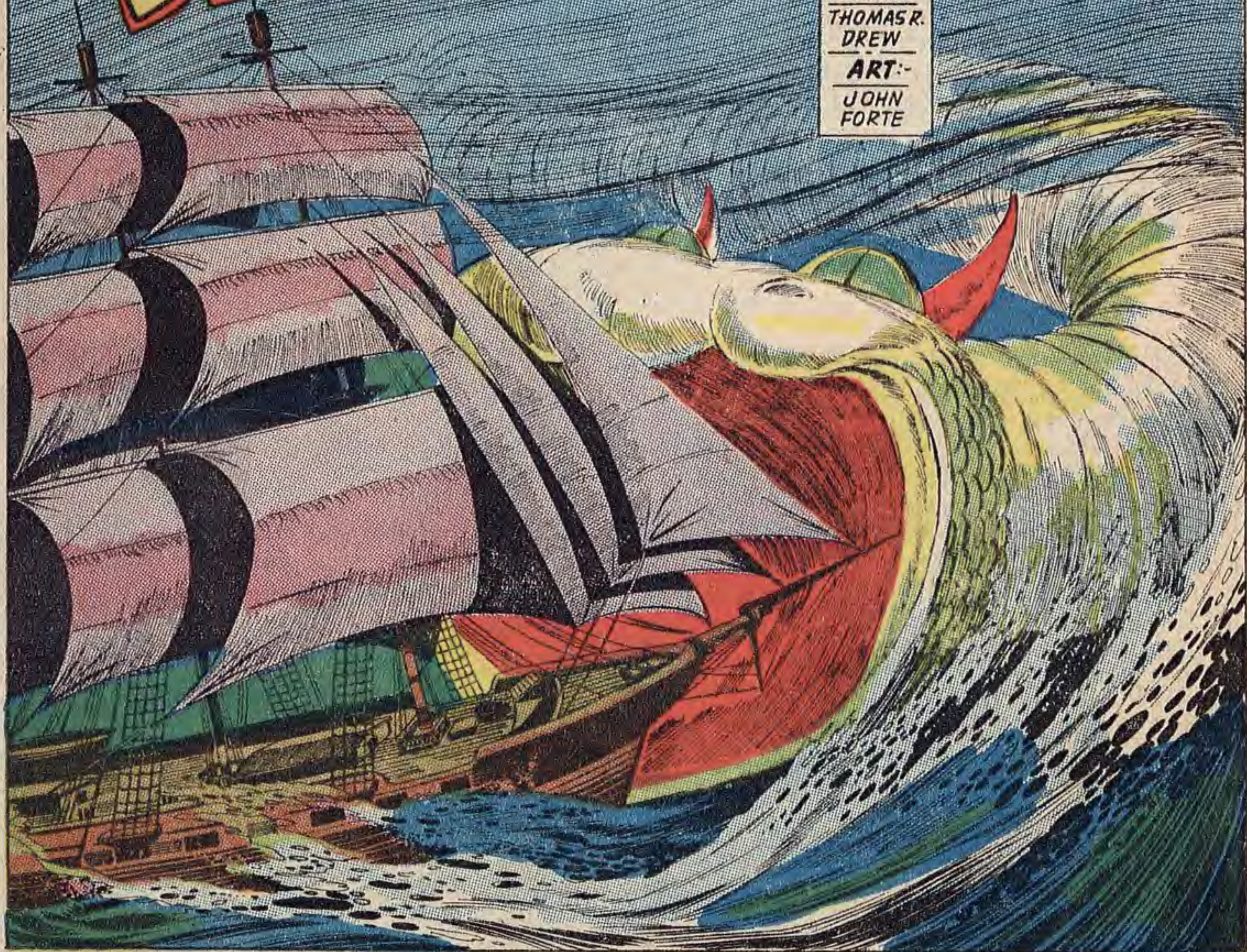
Address _____

IN HIS LONG YEARS AT SEA, BRET CARTER WOULD SEE MANY STRANGE AND FANTASTIC SIGHTS... BUT NEVER WOULD HE FORGET THE INCREDIBLE THING THAT MEN CALLED...

The DEMON of the WIND!

STORY:-
THOMAS R.
DREW

ART:-
JOHN
FORTE



FROM THE BEGINNING, YOUNG CARTER'S FIRST VOYAGE WAS DOGGED BY BAD LUCK! NOW, IN A DISTANT CORNER OF THE WORLD, HIS VESSEL WAS TRAPPED IN DEAD CALM...

CAPTAIN CORBY, WE'VE BEEN BECALMED HERE FOR TWO WEEKS. YOU KNOW THE WEATHER IN THESE WATERS --- ISN'T THERE ANY HOPE FOR A BREEZE?

I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN, SIR. I'VE SENT A LONG-BOAT CREW DOWN THE COAST TO PORT ORIENT --- TO BRING BACK SHANGHAI SAM!

SHANGHAI SAM? IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHO IS THAT?

EVERY SEAMAN WHO'S EVER SAILED THESE WATERS HAS HEARD OF OLD SAM! HE'S ONLY A RAGGED NATIVE PILOT, BUT... WELL --- HE HAS A WAY WITH THE WIND!

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT CARTER SAW IT... THE TINY VESSEL THAT SLID OVER THE WATERS AS IF PROPELLED BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE...

GREAT HEAVENS, CORRY---LOOK THERE! HERE WE ARE CAUGHT IN A FLAT CALM WHILE THAT NATIVE SAMPAN IS MOVING ALONG IN A SPANKING BREEZE! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN IT?

THERE'S NO EXPLANATION, SIR---EXCEPT THAT THE SAMPAN BELONGS TO OLD SHANGHAI SAM!



AS THE WRINKLED OLD MAN CLIMBED ABOARD, CARTER QUESTIONED HIM SUSPICIOUSLY...

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PILOT MY SHIP INTO PORT ORIENT, EH? TELL ME HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO THAT---WITHOUT ANY WIND TO MOVE HER.

IF THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN WILL PERMIT ME, I HAVE BUT TO SUMMON THE WIND-SPIRIT!



STANDING AT THE HELM, THE OLD MAN BOWED AND MUMBLED TO HIMSELF, HIS FINGERS FUMBLING AT A SHORT LENGTH OF ROPE HELD IN HIS HAND---

CORBY, DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT OLD HUMBUG CAN MOVE THIS SHIP MERELY BY MUTTERING A FEW SPELLS?

I'VE SEEN STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN IN THESE WATERS, MR. CARTER.



AND THEN ABRUPTLY CARTER FELT IT---THE COOLNESS OF THE SEA-BREEZE! IN THE DANK, HOT AIR, IT SEEMED LIKE A BREATH OF WIND FROM ANOTHER WORLD---

GREAT HEAVENS, WE'RE **MOVING**---SAILING IN A FLAT CALM!

AYE, SIR... AND ALL ABOUT US ARE A DOZEN VESSELS UNABLE TO STIR.



SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THIS SHANGHAI SAM HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT---?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SIR, BUT YOU'VE SEEN IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES.



IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER THAT YOUNG CARTER STUMBLED UPON A WATERFRONT BRAWL IN PORT ORIENT---

THOSE WHARF-RATS! THEY'RE ATTACKING THAT NATIVE---



THAT'S RIGHT! TAKE TO YOUR HEELS, YOU SCURVY DOGS!



IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT BRET RECOGNIZED THE VICTIM---

SHANGHAI SAM!

YOU COME... TOO LATE. ALREADY... I JOIN ANCESTORS WHO AWAIT ME---





BUT I WISH TO REPAY YOU---FOR YOUR TROUBLE. HERE, TAKE THIS ROPE. IT IS YOURS!

THAT KNOTTED PIECE OF HEMP! OF WHAT POSSIBLE USE CAN IT BE TO ME?



ALMOST AS IF HE HAD HEARD--- THE FIRST KNOT---UNTIE IT AND THE SEA GOD SENDS YOU A BREEZE---THE SECOND KNOT---OPEN IT AND THE BREEZE BECOMES A GALE.



BUT THE THIRD KNOT---YOU **MUST NOT LOOSEN!** OPEN IT AND YOU SUMMON THE **DEMON OF THE WIND!**

THE POOR OLD FELLOW REALLY BELIEVES THIS MUMBO-JUMBO!



TAKE IT NOW---THE ROPE OF THE WINDS! AND MAY---GOOD FORTUNE FOLLOW YOU!

HE'S FINISHED, POOR DEVIL!



THAT NIGHT, CARTER TOLD THE WEIRD TALE TO CAPTAIN CORBY---

THAT DRAGON HANGING FROM IT REPRESENTS THE WIND DEMON! I BELIEVE I'D KEEP THAT PIECE OF HEMP---IF ONLY AS A GOOD LUCK PIECE!

VERY WELL! HEAVEN KNOWS I CAN **USE** SOME GOOD LUCK ON THIS VOYAGE!



FROM THAT DAY ON, GOOD FORTUNE SEEMED TO FOLLOW BRET CARTER. BEFORE LONG, HIS HEAVILY-LADEN VESSEL WAS TURNING FOR HOME---

IT'S BEEN A SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE, CORBY. NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A FULL CARGO OF TEA, SILKS AND SPICES, WE CAN HEAD HOME-WARD.

AYE, AYE, SIR!



BUT THEIR LUCK RAN OUT IN THE MALAY STRAITS---

MALAY PIRATES! THEY'RE BOARDING US!

WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!

BUT THE RAIDERS SWARMED OVER THEM, AND GOON...

TAKE THE PRISONERS BELOW. THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES WILL BE GLAD TO OFFER RANSOM FOR THEM.



IT WAS WITH BITTERNESS THAT BRET REMEMBERED THE TALISMAN IN HIS POCKET...

GOOD-LUCK PIECE!
BAH!

NO! DON'T SNEER AT IT---THAT PIECE OF HEMP MAY BE THE THING TO **SAVE US!**



LISTEN---WHAT IF YOU WERE TO UNTIE THOSE KNOTS? WHAT IF YOU WERE TO RELEASE A GALE, A TYPHOON---**NOW**, WHILE THOSE PIRATES ARE OFF GUARD ON THAT OPEN DECK ABOVE!

YOU'RE MAD TO THINK THIS RIDICULOUS TALISMAN WOULD WORK, CORBY---

---BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE.

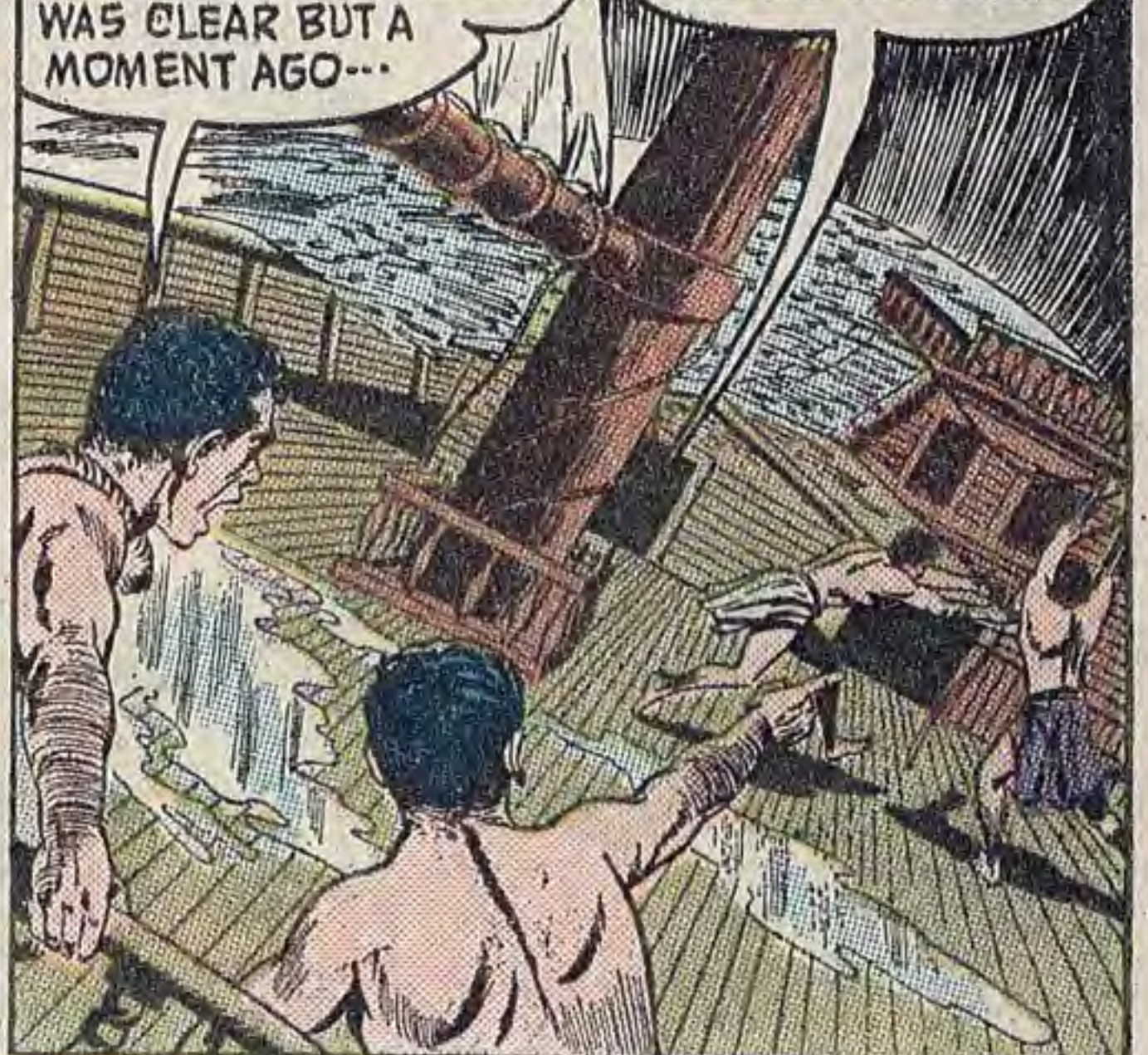
THEN QUICKLY, LAD. UNTIE THEM---IN HEAVEN'S NAME!



AN INSTANT LATER THE WIND ROSE, LASHING THE SEA TO SUDDEN FURY---

THAT WIND---WHERE DID IT COME FROM? THE SKY WAS CLEAR BUT A MOMENT AGO---

HAUL IN THE SAIL BEFORE WE'RE CAPSIZED!



LISTEN TO THOSE SEA RATS SCURRYING! THAT CAUGHT THEM FLAT-FOOTED.

**THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!**

THEN IT WORKED! THE CHARM **WORKED!**



THEN HIS ANXIOUS FINGERS WERE FUMBLING AT THE HEMP AGAIN---

QUICKLY, MAN! YOU'VE OPENED TWO KNOTS ---NOW FOR THE **LAST! OPEN IT!**

THAT DRAGON ---IT MOVED IN MY HAND! I COULD SWEAR IT!



BUT EVERYTHING ELSE WAS FORGOTTEN IN THE NEXT MOMENT AS THE SEA EXPLODED IN BERSEK FURY! TO THE PIRATES, IT WAS AS IF SOME VAST UNEARTHLY POWER HAD GRIPPED THE SHIP IN ITS CLUTCHES...



THE WIND-DEMON! WE ARE DOOMED!

MOMENTS LATER...AS THE UNGUARDED PRISONERS SWARMED UP FROM BELOW...

THE PIRATES... THEY'RE GONE, SWEEPED OVER THE SIDE! BUT LOOK THERE... COULD THAT BE **THE WIND DEMON** SHANGHAI SAM TOLD YOU ABOUT?

THE ROPE! I'VE GOT TO PUT THE KNOTS BACK IN THE ROPE, OR WE'RE DONE FOR!



IN FEARFUL HASTE, BRET CARTER TWISTED AT THE HEMP... AND THEN, AS IF BY SOME MAD SORCERY, IT WAS ALL OVER!

IT'S **GONE!** THAT THING VANISHED AS SOON AS YOU TIED THOSE KNOTS!

IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES...



IN LATER LIFE, BRET RETIRED A WEALTHY MAN. HIS MANSION WAS THE FINEST IN THE CITY...

IT'S AMAZING, CARTER! NO MATTER HOW WARM IT IS IN THE REST OF THE CITY, IT SEEMS THERE'S **ALWAYS** A BREEZE BLOWING ACROSS YOUR ESTATE!



OCCASIONALLY, HE WOULD TELL HIS STRANGE STORY TO A FAVORITE VISITOR...

A MOST CHARMING TALE, MR. CARTER. I MIGHT EVEN BELIEVE IT WAS TRUE... IF YOU OPENED THOSE LAST TWO KNOTS FOR ME.

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY STORY ON FAITH, MY DEAR.



I'VE SEEN THE **DEMON OF THE WIND** ONCE... AND **ONCE WAS ENOUGH!**



MYSTERIES of
The UNKNOWN

BIRDS OF FATE!

STORY:-
PIERCE
RAND

You'd NEVER THINK THAT THIS ODD
SCENE IS OUR INTRODUCTION TO THE
STRANGEST STORY OF THE GENERATION...
AND THE STRANGEST WAR EVER FOUGHT!
THE SCENE OF BATTLE WAS A WILD AND
RUGGED SEACOAST, AND THE ONLY SOUND
HEARD WAS THE SCREAM OF INNUMERABLE SEA-
GULLS...AND THE CRASHING OF MIGHTY WAVES!

FOR ITS BEGINNING, IT'S NECES-
SARY TO GO BACK IN TIME OVER
60 YEARS...TO A LITTLE BOY'S
CHILDHOOD! HIS NAME WAS
HOSMER PETTY, ONLY SON
OF A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY WHICH
LIVED IN A HOUSE OVERLOOKING
THE SEA...

LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD DAY
FOR FISHING,
MA!

DON'T GO
TOO FAR OUT,
HOSMER!

GOLLY, WHAT A CATCH! BUT...I-
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THOSE
SEAGULLS ARE HANGING
AROUND!

IT WAS THE FISH THE HUNGRY
GULLS SOUGHT...

SKREEE!

NO!
NO!
KEEP
AWAY!

SUDDENLY--THE OVERBALANCED BOAT WENT OVER!



IT WAS
THEIR FAULT!
I--I HATE
THEM!



MOTHER'LL BE MAD...
SHE'LL NEVER LET ME GO
OUT FISHING AGAIN! THOSE
GULLS ARE NOTHING BUT
BAD LUCK!



FOREVER AFTER THAT, ALL THE HARD
LUCK AND MISFORTUNE OF HIS LIFE
SEEMED SOMEHOW CONNECTED WITH
SEAGULLS! A FEW YEARS LATER HIS FATHER
DIED, HIS FORTUNE LOST! THEY WERE
FORCED TO MOVE AWAY LEAVING EVEN
THE FURNITURE BEHIND TO SATISFY
CREDITORS...



IT WAS HIS LAST LOOK AT THE SCENES
OF COMFORT HE HAD GROWN UP IN AND
IN THAT MOMENT, THE EVER-PRESENT
SEAGULLS SEEMED TO MOCK HIM...



FROM THEN ON POVERTY WAS HOSMER PETTY'S
LOT, AND HE GREW UP WITH AN EXAGGERATED CON-
CEPT OF THE VALUE OF MONEY...



STEW
AGAIN, MR.
PETTY?

YES!

IT'S NOURISH-
ING, AND BEST
OF ALL-- IT'S
CHEAP!

WHEN HIS MOTHER PASSED AWAY, HE BECAME UNBEARABLY
LONELY, UNTIL...



LIKE YOU TO MEET OUR
NEW SALESGIRL, HOSMER!
THIS IS MARY
CLARK!

I... I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYONE SO LOVELY!

FOR A TIME, FORTUNE SEEMED TO SMILE ON HIM! HE GREW TO LOVE MARY, BUT NEVER DARED TO HOPE SHE MIGHT BE HIS...

I KNOW YOU COULDN'T EVER THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT A MAN LIKE ME, BUT I'D TRY TO GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, MARY... I SWEAR IT!

YOU'RE A FINE MAN, HOSMER... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR WIFE!



YEARS OF HAPPINESS FOLLOWED IN WHICH HOSMER BEGAN TO MAKE HIS MARK IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS... BUT THEY WERE OUT TRAGICALLY SHORT...

WE MANAGED TO SAVE THE BABY, MR. PETTY... BUT YOUR WIFE... I'M SORRY...

OH, NO... NO!



THE ONE THING HE HAD LOVED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE... GONE! AS HE LEFT THE OCEANFRONT HOSPITAL, STUNNED WITH GRIEF, HE HARDLY NOTICED THE SCREAMING, DISCORDANT NOTE OF THE SEAGULLS ABOVE...

SKREEE!

I'M ALONE! I HAVE NOTHING LEFT!



BUT THERE WAS ONE SOLACE LEFT... HIS INFANT DAUGHTER! HE CALLED HER MARY, VOWED TO BE BOTH MOTHER AND FATHER TO HER, AND MANIFESTED A LOVE THAT WAS COMPLETELY POSSESSIVE...

LITTLE MARY WILL HAVE EVERYTHING! SHE'LL GET EVERY ATTENTION... UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR!



HIS LIFE REVOLVED AROUND HIS DAUGHTER... COMPLETELY! AND WHEN SHE GREW UP, AND FELL IN LOVE...

I...I CAN'T LET HER MARRY HIM! HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER!



HIS HEART CONSUMED WITH FEAR OF WHAT MIGHT BE, HE LOST NO TIME IN ASSERTING HIS AUTHORITY...

BUT FATHER... BE REASONABLE...

IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION... JUST PUPPY LOVE! I'LL TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF EUROPE AND YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT HIM!

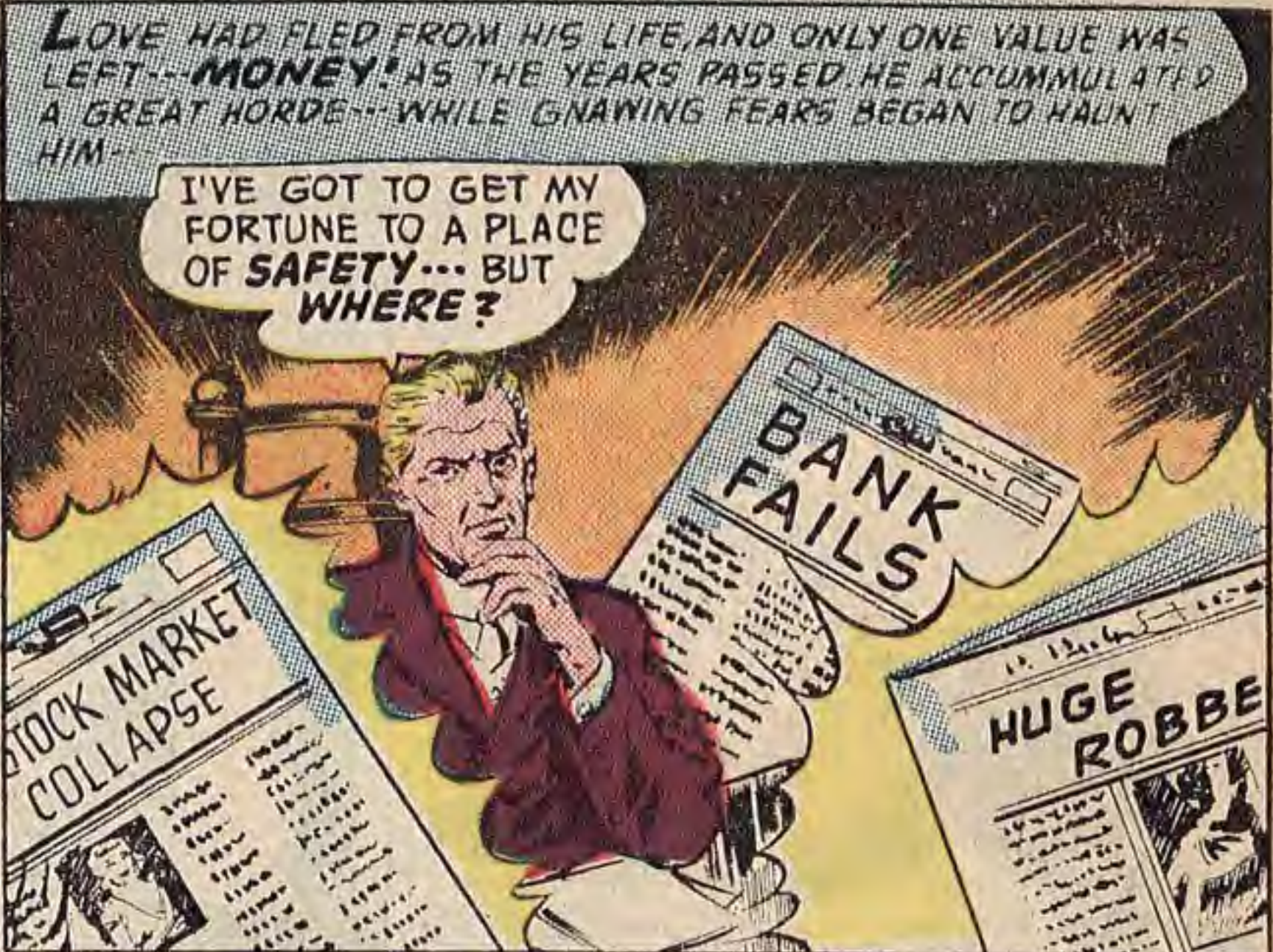


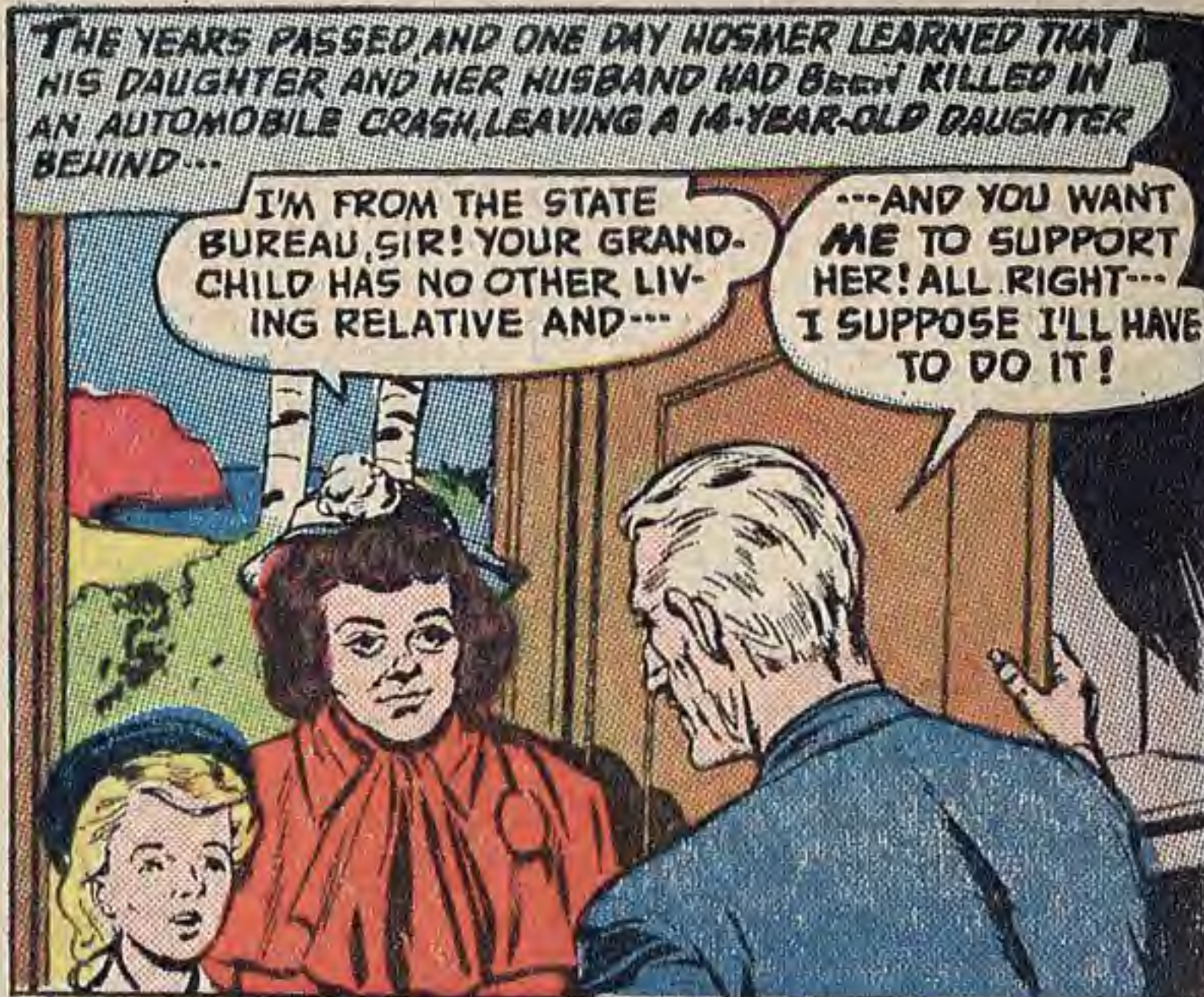
THE TRIP WAS ARRANGED IN HASTE, AND AS THE SHIP PULLED OUT OF THE HARBOR...

CONFOUND IT, WE GOT SEPARATED SOMEHOW ON THE PIER! SHE'S NOT IN HER CABIN... WHERE IS SHE?

MR. PETTY? MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR!









THREE DAYS PASSED! THE FRANTIC MILDRED HAD LONG SINCE INFORMED THE POLICE OF HER GRANDFATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE--

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, MISS... HE'S VANISHED!

HOW CAN THAT BE... HOW?



MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW--THE WEAKENED AND HELPLESS PRISONER SUDDENLY KNEW A RAY OF HOPE!

MATCHES... THEY MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT HERE BY A WORKMAN WHEN THE TUNNEL AND DOOR WERE CONSTRUCTED! MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN LIGHT A SIGNAL FIRE! BUT WHAT CAN I BURN... UNLESS...



YES, THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD BURN-- HIS MISER'S FORTUNE! BUT NOW HE HAD LEARNED THE VALUE OF LIFE! THE HIDDEN WEALTH BECAME A BEACON OF HOPE--

SOMEONE'S GOT TO SEE IT! THEY'VE GOT TO!



BUT IT WAS A DESERTED SPOT THAT EVEN SHIPS KEPT CLEAR OF! HE SAW THE FLAMES DEVOUR THE LAST OF HIS PRECIOUS FUEL--AND NOBODY CAME--

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ME, BUT I... I DESERVE IT! I MADE MY LIFE A THING OF BITTERNESS-- BEGRUDGED MY OWN DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER THE HAPPINESS WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN THEIRS! I RAILED AT THE SEAGULLS FOR MY BAD FORTUNE-- BUT THE FAULT WAS ALWAYS MINE!



THEN IT HAPPENED-- CALL IT CHANCE, PROVIDENCE, WHATEVER YOU LIKE--

ONE LAST SHEAF OF BILLS-- ALMOST AS IF IT'S GIVING IT TO ME! AND I'VE GOT ONE MATCH LEFT--



DOWN BELOW MILDRED AND WILLIAM WALKED THE SOLITARY BEACH AS DUSK FELL! AND THE GIRL'S KEEN EYES SPIED--

LOOK--UP THERE! THAT PINPOINT OF FLICKERING LIGHT-- IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF BELOW THE HOUSE! WHAT--

IT MUST BE A CAVE-- AND SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO SIGNAL FROM IT! IT MUST BE YOUR GRANDFATHER, MILDRED-- IT CAN'T BE ANYBODY ELSE!



HOSMER PETTY'S WEALTH WAS GONE-- BUT HE HAD HIS LIFE! IT WAS A BETTER LIFE THENCEFORTH WITH LOVE-- AND HAPPINESS-- SO WHO COULD SAY THAT, IN A WAY, HE WASN'T RICHER THAN EVER?

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE MET TODAY--



THE END!



draw me!

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Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. Entries for October 1948 contest must be received by October 31. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing today.

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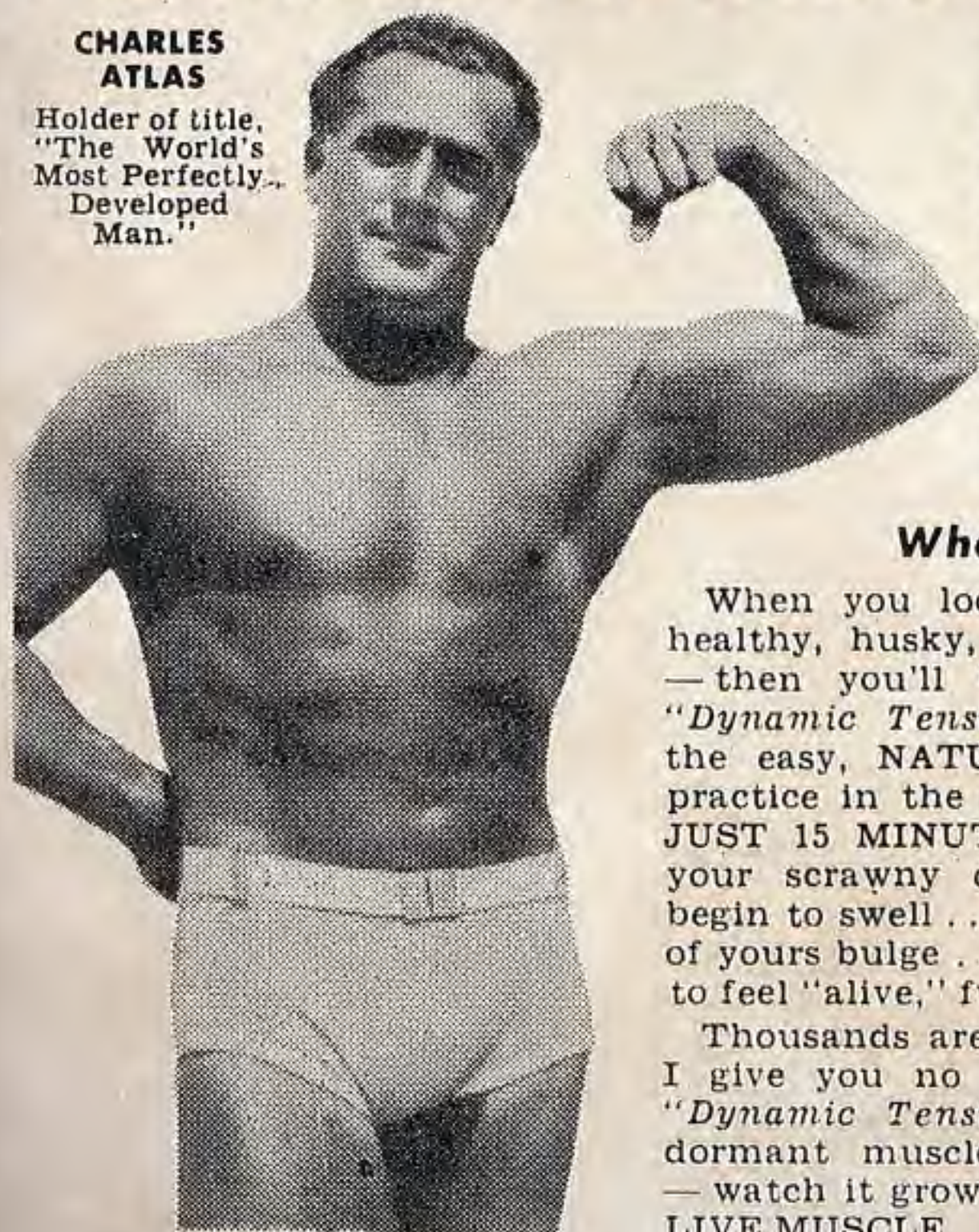
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